

The Hostess by [orphan_account](#)

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Summary:

Almost a year after she exploded into ash defending her friends from the Demogorgon, Eleven returns to Hawkins. But she's not the same.

The Hostess

Author's Note:

Mmmm I watched all of season 2 in two days please help me... also there might be some minor inconsistencies to season one (it's been a while)

Expect slow updates and hopefully some longer chapters, but I was so excited to get this idea out there so here's the prologue!!

Day 353

She came to him for the first time that morning.

He's in bed, and it happens again. The familiar must of the Upside-Down greets Will as he wakes up.

It's not a shock anymore. The same red clouds are outside. The same looming figure in the distance out the window, electricity arching around its amorphous form.

He's learned to get used to it. The doctors said it was just post-traumatic stress symptoms. All in his head.

Will gets out of bed, slides on the Star-Wars slippers Mike got him for his birthday last year, and shuffles to the bathroom, waiting for it to pass.

He flips on the light switch, opening the cabinet for the upside-down version of his toothbrush.

Then the lights flickered.

That was the first new thing. Flickering lights meant someone else was near. Someone like him, who knew how to navigate and communicate across the hellscape.

Then they went entirely off and the only thing illuminating the room was the crimson tempest beyond the shattered window.

“... is someone there?”

She appears in the window suddenly and Will jumps back, dropping his toothbrush.

Her hair is past her ears now, matted and dirty and slick with the ever present ooze that coated the Upside-Down. She's still wearing the pink dress. It's torn to bits, barely clinging to her bluish skin. The collar is popped up around her neck. There's a line of grime around where it brushes against her.

Will steps forward. She's not like Mike said she was. She's radiating palpable hate, staring at him. Unblinking.

Maybe the Upside-Down tainted her. Maybe she'd come back from the dead with a vengeance. Maybe she still had unfinished business at the lab...

The sky tremors with another burst of electricity and the creature that's always there bellows out an earth-shaking roar. She looks back to it, then to Will.

Then he's standing in his bathroom back at home. There's nothing outside but grey sky and falling leaves. The air is dry, smelling like stale cigarettes and breakfast. Waffles.

She liked waffles.

Was that why she was here?

“Boys! Breakfast!” His mother's voice snaps him out of his speculation and back to reality.

Mom cooking breakfast was rare. Usually Johnathan did it, but she'd been in a good mood since meeting her boyfriend Bob. Bob was OK. He reminded Will of someone from an infomercial, who always seemed too enthusiastic to be real. He could've been much worse, though, and Will appreciated him because of that. His mom was happy and that was good. Bob made her happy, so he was good too.

“Will, did you stay up late drawing again?”

A plate of waffles is set in front of him and he looks down at it. His mother ruffles his hair with a warm hand and sits down after serving Johnathan, who looks equally sleepy. He's got a mug of bitter smelling coffee that he's holding like his life depends on it.

"No. I uh... I couldn't fall asleep." He lied, poking at the eggs on his plate.

She buys it and nods, starting to eat slowly, looking to both of them. It's coming up on the one year anniversary of everything. She's understandably nervous.

The rest of breakfast is quiet. Will spends it thinking about the girl in the window.

The others had to know about her. That Eleven was still out there.